

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Which have solicited: the rest in silence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet,
And flight of Angels sing thee to thy rest. (*Prince.*)
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

For. This quarry cries on havock: O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine infernall Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot,
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismal,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstern* are dead,
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He never gave commandement for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th' yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inventors heads: all this can I
Truely deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience:
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

Hora.

Prince of Denmark

Hora. Of that I shall have al
And from his mouth whose voice
But let this same be presently p
Even while mens minds are wil
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to
For he was likely, had he been
T' have prov'd most royall: and
The Souldiers musick and the r
Speake loudly for him.

Take up the bodies; such a fight
Becomes the field, but here the
Goe bid the Souldiers shoot.

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